GarGoyle

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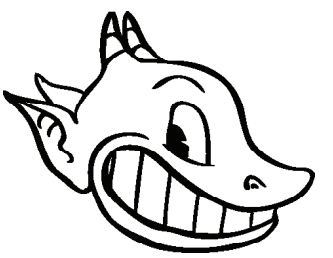


Gargoyle

Illustration by Calin Firlit

Aa Text | Photo | Quote | Link | hi! Chat | Audio | Video

looveshooves

Foreward ...

I am writing this in order to bring awareness to the struggles of a group I find highly underrepresented here at the University of Michigan. A group so neglected, I often feel convinced I'm truly the only one here at times. Keep in mind, this intolerance doesn't stop where campus ends. There has been a rising wave of slander and ridicule towards us on social media, and absolutely no one appears to have a problem with it. In fact, society appears hellbent on getting rid of us. But they obviously don't know us. They don't know how we aren't afraid to pull up our Carhartt jeans, dig our boots into the mud, and strap on our belt buckles. This is a call to all horse girls on campus: If any of the following resonates with you, please reach out. For obvious reasons, I will remain anonymous for now, but you can contact me at unbridledgurl7@yahoo.com. Remember, you are not alone – We don't have to be alone.

#horses #horses of tumblr #equestrian #horse woman #pony

looveshooves
My Awesome Blog

Posts 157
Members
Review flagged posts
Edit appearance
Mass Post Editor

looveshooves

No one knows the battle I face everyday. My condition, or rather the most essential part of who I am, is not one of popularity. As of late, you insensitive bastards on the internet found it fitting to make my lifestyle the centerfold of a new age in memes. Little do you know, I should be the one laughing. None of you will ever begin to understand the absolute freedom and deliverance one is granted on the back of a creature (a God) as fiercely majestic as the horse.

Yet, I'm the one forced to live undercover. A tear slips down my cheek every time I flip a folder inside out so that the images of spring foals and leaping stallions remain hidden to the eyes of an especially weak breed of people: Horse Haters. It doesn't end there. At the beginning of fall semester, I was hospitalized for heat stroke four times due to the fact I must always layer my clothing to hide the chaps and horse t-shirts. Sit still. Smile. Look Normal. Don't let anyone see in. But the reminders can strike at any moment. I'll be walking to class or sitting attentively in lecture - like the nice girl I was trained to be, the normal girl I'm supposed to be. But then someone blows air out of their lips in just the right fashion, and I am helplessly reminded of the neighs that set burning hot fire to my lower abdomen.

The social scene is especially hard to navigate. Dating? Forget it. No man will ever compare to the feeling a firm, leather saddle gave me as I bounced up and down on a trotting Appaloosa. It is for precisely this reason that I am still a virgin. Or how about when my friends want to have a movie night? How when they ask for suggestions, I have no other option but to bite my tongue, choke down my words, and bury the girl inside scratching to get out. One of the hardest things I've ever had to do in this life is swallow back the titles: Black Beauty (1994), Spirit: Stallion of the Cimarron (2002), and Flicka (2006).

looveshooves

The only time I get relief is when I am able to slip back into the rush and heat of a forbidden love (i.e. the precious, exhilarating thirty-two minutes I get when my roommate leaves to shower). Calculating my time, I quickly slip into my favorite shirt purchased from Tractor Supply Co. ten years ago. It's a purple little number featuring the long chiseled face of the greatest athlete of all time: Secretariat. Closing my eyes and taking a deep breath, I pretend the sound of Markley cockroaches scuttling across the floor are the long-lost echoes of prancing hooves. When I look into the mirror, it shows a girl who is unashamed and fearless. The girl I long to be. Then slowly and deliberately, my eyes travel down my reflection to the center of my chest. Two chestnut-shaped eyes, colored midnight black, hold my gaze. They beckon me to a place far away from the mundane hell I've been forced to suffer through each and every day.

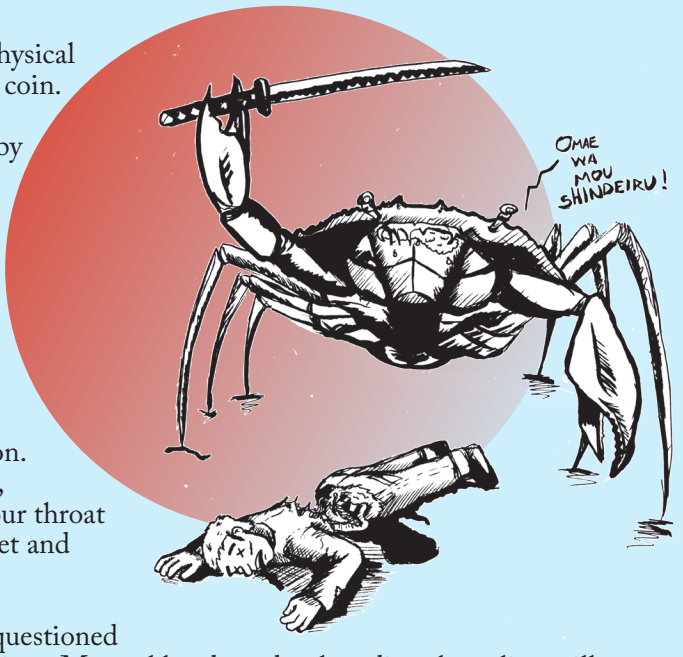
"Ride me," his nickers bubble up from a place deep in his throat…rich, mighty, and silky like the mane of a Clydsdale.

It penetrates my skin and crawls purposefully through my veins. Retreating to the bed, I submit.

After tugging the well-worn saddle out from under my mattress, I close my eyes and give myself over to the wild mustang of my dreams.

#horses #horses of tumblr #equestrian #horse woman #pony

Your Weekly Gargiscope



Aries: Some say the physical and metaphysical world are but different sides of the same coin. You, however, should think twice before trying to turn yourself into Nickel Rick by swallowing your weight in dirty nickels.

Taurus: Your career as the veritable Gilbert Gottfried of country music will end as inexplicably as it began, leaving a confused and violated America to pick up the pieces for years to come.

Gemini: Saturn rises in Gemini's sign this week, an omen of a coming deception. Make sure to steer clear of any Scorpio's, especially the ones pointing a knife at your throat and demanding you hand over your wallet and wristwatch.

Cancer: Those around you have always questioned whether or not you have guts. A bloodthirsty Mongol horde and a slow disemboweling will soon answer the question once and for all.

Leo: Mercury orbits in retrograde, a harbinger of good fortune! The stars predict that you will soon receive a large inheritance from a distant Nigerian relative. Be prepared to wire a $300 deposit through the Western Union in order to claim your money!

Virgo: You have always considered yourself a dog person, but you may be tempted to change your mind this week after an unfortunate encounter between your new living room carpet and a dysentery laden Golden Retriever.

Libra: You have always dreamed of flying on a magic carpet. It will all come true this week when the doctor writes you a prescription for oxycodone after you slip on a throw rug and split your head open.

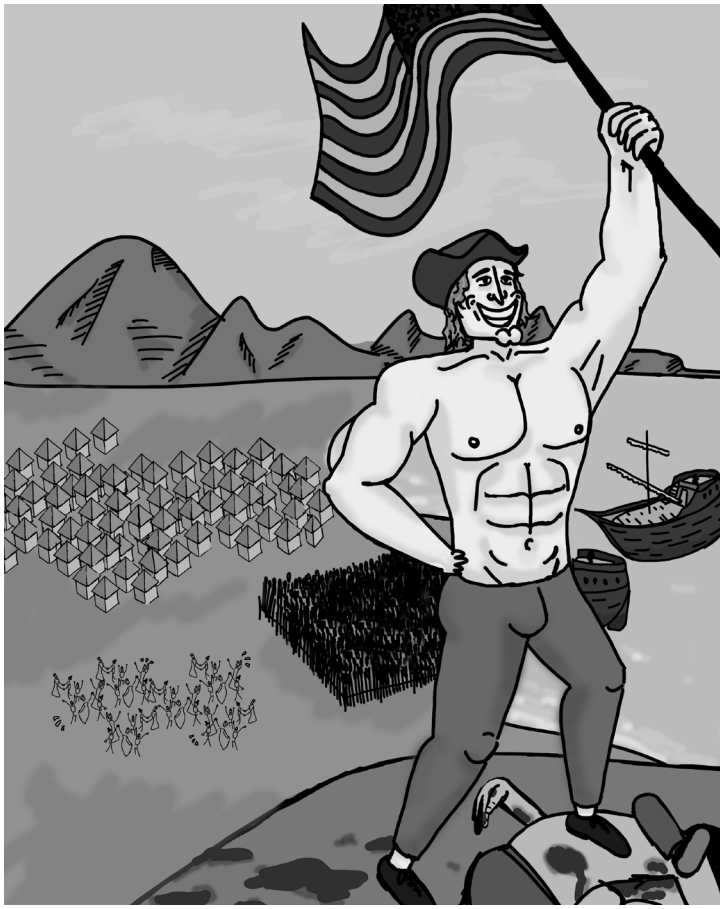
Scorpio: This week, you will hit the nail on the head. And then you will do it again. And again. Looks like someone found a job in construction!

Sagittarius: You are blessed with a loving support system that is always there at a moment's notice. Unfortunately,e the jury will take it all away in an instant when they mandate your sobriety for the next eighteen months.

Capricorn: The stars would like to apologize for an error in last weeks horoscope which likely resulted in your stranding in the middle of the Mojave with little lifesaving water. Please sit tight, as the stars are working on a solution and will compensate you with a $25 iTunes gift card for your troubles!

Aquarius: Years of meticulous premeditation will go to waste when you are found not guilty by reason of insanity.

Pisces: Mars, the planet of war and pestilence is in your sign this week. You will be struck with an inexplicable rage and fall into a deep depression, or maybe not. I don't know, why are you taking advice from the Gargoyle?



On this day, Columbus Day, we must consider the massive accomplishments of one of our world's greatest figures: Christopher Columbus.

A man of refined tastes, he came to our land, America, which he most likely named himself, and became the voice for the native Americans within, "Injuns," as he so proudly liked to call them and as they so proudly liked to be called. Wielding the red, white, and blue, Columbus went on to kill all of the enemies of the "Injuns," among them the British, French, and Spanish, taking them all down in a manner of minutes all while wielding the stars and stripes. Those who he went through always remarked on the same three things: his sculpted chin, his god-like figure, and his massive dick, which he used to father a whole new generation of Americans completely legitimately and consensually. With that charismatic face, which "Injun" could ever say no to him? We wouldn't either. For his massive contributions to America as we see it today, we propose not just a day to commemorate him, but a whole year, or even renaming America "Columbus" in his honor. We just know that everyone at the University of Michigan will absolutely love living in Columbus!

Illustration by Naomi Shand

We're sure you've noticed that this issue has seven half-page pieces. This half page is in memory of all of the full-page pieces that were lost to our non-commitment.

Thank You Veterans

The Michigan Daily

ONE-HUNDRED-TWENTY-NINE YEARS OF EDITORIAL FREEDOM

Ann Arbor, Michigan | Tuesday, September 3, 2019 | michigandaily.com

Michigan Football narrowly beats University of Tulsa in double OT

University professors caught in dogfighting scandal, multiple unlicensed biplanes confisticated

Students with hazelnut allergies eat less Nutella, study determines

Could E-Cigarettes be causing E-Cancer?

Asteroid predicted to collide with Earth

Survey shows that over 65% of KKK Members are racist

Global warming causing temperatures to be warmer

The Michigan Daily

ONE-HUNDRED-TWENTY-NINE YEARS OF EDITORIAL FREEDOM

Ann Arbor, Michigan | Friday, October 26, 2019 | michigandaily.com

No news today, so here's a quote from Don Rickles: "Yes, I would like that toasted" - Don Rickles, 2013

The Michigan Daily

ONE-HUNDRED-TWENTY-NINE YEARS OF EDITORIAL FREEDOM

Ann Arbor, Michigan | Friday, November 1, 2019 | michigandaily.com

Asteroid misses Earth: Many regret what they did in what they thought were their final moments

I don't know how to write headlines, but the guy who used to do that punched our boss in the throat and quit

Inquiry determines a disproportionate number of Hebrew studies majors are Jewish

The Michigan Daily

ONE-HUNDRED-TWENTY-NINE YEARS OF EDITORIAL FREEDOM

Ann Arbor, Michigan | Wednesday, November 27, 2019 | michigandaily.com

The Asteroid looped around the Sun and it's coming back

BuzzFeed News

REPORTING TO YOU

Horrified Man Kills Two Stones With One Bird

Brendan Dewley, Reporter

Local man Nick Prater just "went and fucking lost it" recently after he allegedly used a single bird to kill many stones.

Despite being "very clearly distraught and emotionally lost" according to eyewitnesses, he apparently "used the force of ten men or more" to "decimate the body of a Red Crossbill Finch" last weekend.

Prater stopped to talk to reporters shortly after the incident was believed to have happened, saying that "the bird just...just kept destroying the stones like they were nothing. I do not know if I will ever be able to recover from witnessing the brutal reality of my actions."

Noting that the stone objects did not in any way slow the endless mashing of foul against rock, Prater remained shocked when pressed for further comment. "I just assumed that the bird would just sort of fall apart before I could ever destroy more than one rock, but this scared me on a grotesque level. I am a changed person."

Bystanders were just as equally shocked and deeply disturbed. Addie Barnum, a local woman who witnessed the traumatic event and was willing to talk to reporters. "He just tore right through the rocks like the bird was a warm knife on butter. You almost feel more bad for the man in the end, no one deserves to go through that alone."

There are unconfirmed reports nationwide of similar instances, but at press time there is no further information available.

UPDATE: A correction was added to remove the name of the deceased finch, per family wishes. -K.B.
UPDATE: The finch's name was Jacob. He was a fucking dick. -S.D.
UPDATE: Hey Sam, what the hell? You can't just issue corrections that go over mine like that. -K.B.
UPDATE: Last I checked, Karen, we're allowed to do whatever we want at work? Or have you already forgotten the little office romance between you and your secretary? -S.D.
UPDATE: You said you wouldn't say anything in public like this. Pack your things, I want you out of my apartment, please be gone by the time I get home from the offices tomorrow. -K.B.
UPDATE: I'll take my things and go, I hope you're happy ruining what we could have had together, being coworkers at the newspaper like this. I'll remember you in hell. -S.D.

Tweet Share Copy

Feel like you were born in the wrong generation? These desperate singles have been waiting for centuries.

Napoleon, 33

- No girls over 5′ 7″ [non negotiable]
- Looking for a commitment. I've lead campaigns that lasted decades so you know I'll put in the work.
- Saturdays are for the [army] boys
- Must be willing to travel or do long distance. I'm in exile for the second time
- Political connections in Central Europe a plus

Genghis, 42

I know I'm the shit so let's get real:

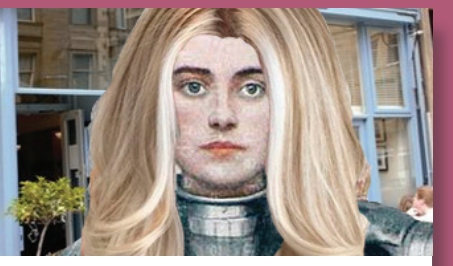
- I message you
- You don't talk to other guys
- You don't ask where I've been
- Don't talk shit about my horse
- Never check my messages

Mansa, 49

- Life is like a sandwich: whichever way you turn it the bread comes first
- I'll tell you all about my trip through Cairo.
- Willing to travel
- Send me Quran interpretations

Rutherford B., 60

- Very ready to Compromise
- I can be whatever you need
- If it's not working I won't fix it, because I don't do reconstruction
- Bourgeois connections a plus



Joan, 14

- Heretics need not apply
- The meek might inherit the earth, but they won't get along with me
- Inquisitors are a bit of a sore spot
- I'll tell you about my dreams
- 5′ 2″
- Accidental pyrophiliac

Written by Jason Eizinga

Интрамцрал Яц🔫🔫іаи Яоцllеттe

About Us

Hey, you! Need something fun to do on weekends? Looking for a welcoming community built on trust? Want to feel the thrill of narrowly cheating death? Then look no further than the Union of Students for Soviet Roulette! The USSR is the largest bloodsport organization on campus with a long history of excellence. We are coached by the legendary Deacon "Double-Tap" Timur, who famously lead Michigan to a 6-0 victory against Ohio State in the 1987 NCAA championships despite sustaining what many thought was a career-ending injury earlier in the season.

The USSR is always looking for new members from any background. For experienced players, we can give you the advice and coaching you need to hone your ability to stare death in the face without flinching. For those curious about the sport, we can teach you the basics and introduce you to the relief of hearing the hammer of a revolver click harmlessly. Meetings and tournaments are held on a weekly basis in an undisclosed location, which will be revealed via a series of encoded messages (be sure to watch your doors!). Dues are the low, low price of $500, but if you make us the sole beneficiaries of your life insurance, we will reduce the price to $450! They can be paid either by venmo or by depositing the cash (unmarked bills only) in an envelope and leaving it in the dumpster behind any Chipotle (all other expenses are paid for by the club). Be sure to attend our ice cream social/wake with free demonstrations on the Diag this Sunday!

Testimonials

"I had played some Russian Roulette in high school and was interested in getting more involved in the sport, but I just couldn't find a community for it. I tried my best to get my friends into it, but it's one of those sports where losing your first round can really discourage you from continuing. As a result, I was elated to find such a devoted community at Michigan, and I've stuck with them since my freshman year."
-Hadley "Headshot" Hyatomi, Junior

"When I got to Michigan, I was scared I wouldn't find a group of people that accepted me. I remember hearing about the USSR from a friend, and I thought I would attend one of their mass meetings out of curiosity. I was super nervous, because I had no experience with the sport, and I was convinced I would be laughed out of the room. Boy, was I wrong! The club is super welcoming, and the senior members are just as enthusiastic about teaching the game as playing it. I made a ton of friends in that first meeting, and while not all of them are still with us, I'm still really close with the ones that are."
-Mercer "Deer Hunter" Marino, Sophomore

"The USSR was the main source of many of my favorite college memories: thrilling tournaments, crazy hijinks, and of course, great friends. It was those good times that inspired me to start a youth league in my hometown. It's a great way to introduce kids to the game, and it has really brought the community closer together. Nothing has made me prouder as a father than seeing my kids share my love of the game. My oldest says her dream is to play for Michigan, and seeing the energy she brings to practice and tournaments, I know she'll make an amazing Wolverine."
-Boris "Bullethead" Barilla, Class of 1999

By Anson Lee

HEY YOU!
Are you interested in any of the following?
•HUMOR WRITING! •MARKETING!
•ILLUSTRATION! •DESIGN!
•JOB OPPORTUNITIES! (IN THE ENTERTAINMENT INDUSTRY!)
•YOUTUBE VIDEOS OF CATS AND/OR LAUGHING BABIES!
•ALL OF THE ABOVE!
Killing trees as the official source of campus humor since 1909
Then join the
Gargoyle
Humor Magazine!
Come to any of our weekly meetings:
Fridays at 6pm in the Student Publications building!
420 Maynard St.
gargmag.com
For further information, please email
gargmail@umich.edu
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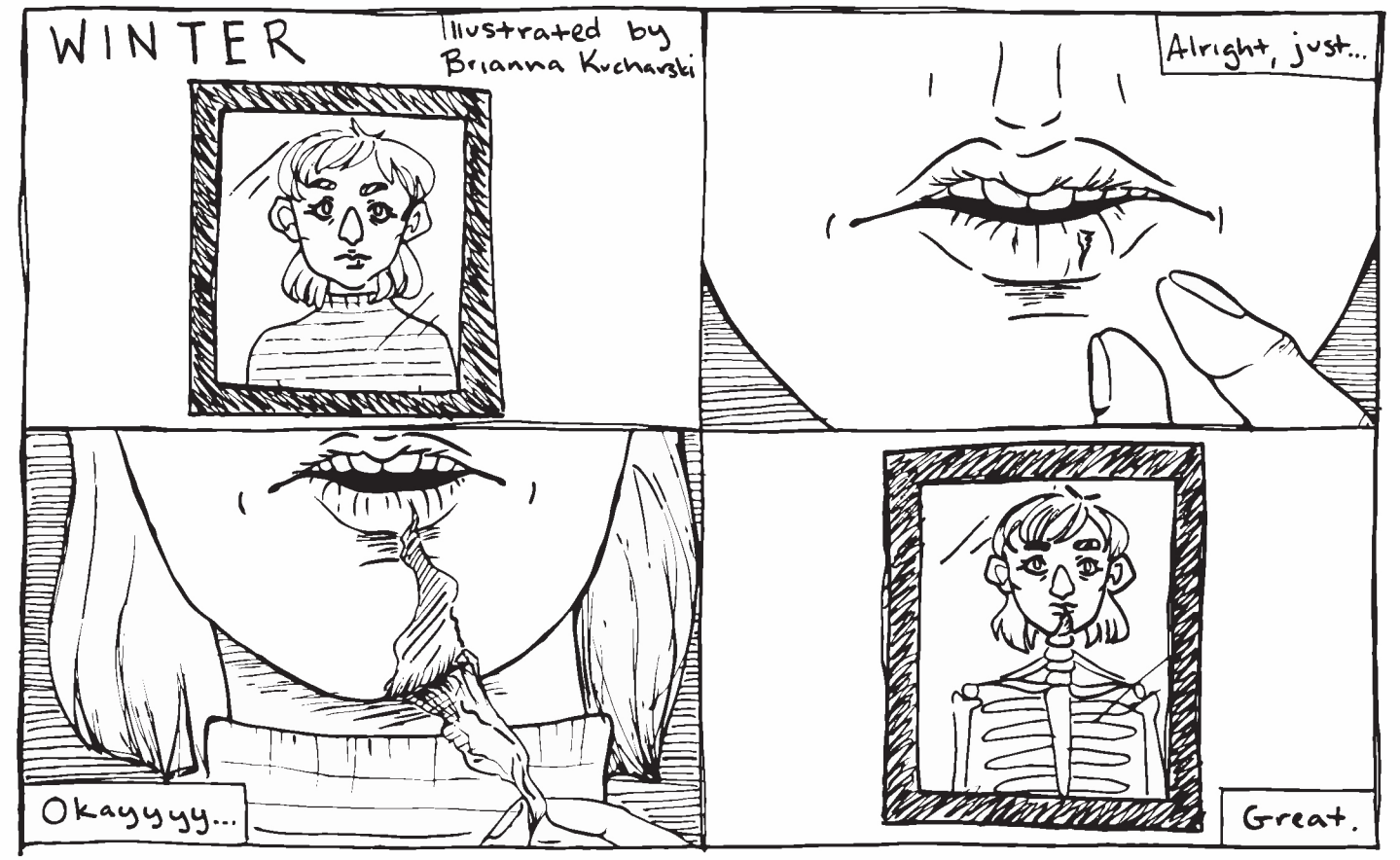
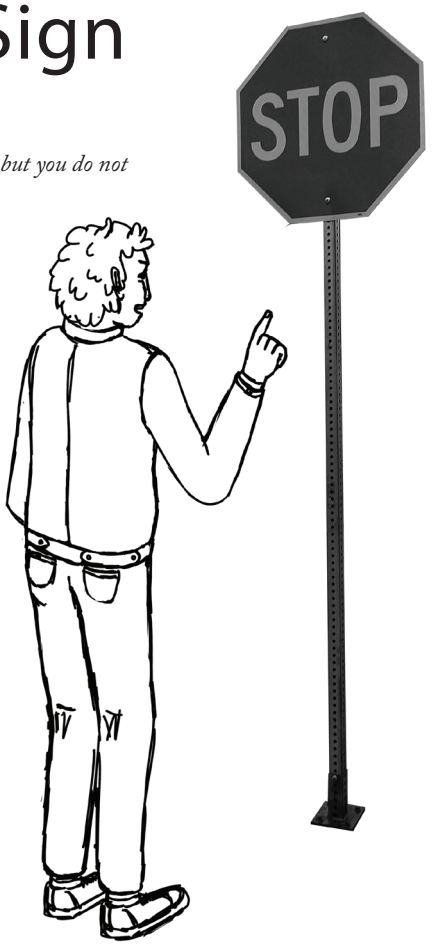


Man Talks to a Stop Sign

Written by Chris Hanlon, illustrated by Calin Firlit

Man: I have walked by you so many times and I never think much of you.
Stop sign: *Well, I am glad that you have taken the time to notice me. Come sit next to me.*
M: Ok.
SS: *Do you hear that?*
M: No, what are you talking about.
SS: *You do not hear anything?*
M: Not really.
SS: *Well can you smell that?*
M: The sewer?
SS: *Anything.*
M: You want me to smell anything?
SS: *Smell anything you like.*
M: Ok. I sit for a while and then the stop sign says:
SS: *Can you see that?*
M: I can see. What are you looking at?
SS: *I am watching the sun!*
M: I cannot look at the sun or I will go blind.
SS: *Oh, I did not know that. I can look at the sun! It is so marvelous!*
M: Yeah it's great. Is this what you do with your time?
SS: *Well there is not much for me to do. I cannot move.*
M: That makes sense.
SS: *You should use your senses more.*
M: I will.
SS: *You say you will, but you do not mean it.*
M: Listen, Mr. Stop sign, I don't need to sit here and be lectured by a stop sign. How are you even talking? Traffic signs can't talk.
SS: *I have always been able to talk you just never say anything to me. You are quick tempered.*
M: Listen guy, you need me for company, I don't need you. Good Day Sir.
SS: *I warn you, listen to my teachings or be cursed.*



Some bad things have happened since I talked to that stop sign...

I was listening to music, wearing my headphones and I could not hear a cry for help and someone drowned. I could not smell my house burning, and I lost everything. I lost appetite for vitamin A and started to lose my vision. I finally went back to the stop sign and asked him to give me back my senses. He said no, so I chopped him down. The next day my neighbor was riding his bike and was hit by a car and was killed. Normally, the stop sign would have stopped that car.

The moral of the story is to listen to your stop signs because they have some good advice to give. Or maybe don't talk to them at all because they will curse your life forever.

Last Will and Testament Of Giorgio Silverstein

I Giorgio Silverstein, a resident of Ann Arbor Michigan, being of sound body and mind, do declare this to be my last will and testament.

Article I
Identification of Family

My father is Braxton Silverstein. My mother is Autumn Silverstein. My siblings are Lyric Silverstein, Zachiriah Silverstein, and Micah Silverstein. My grandparents are Augustus Sivlerstein, Aurelia Silverstein, Leland Masterson, and Primrose Masterson. My aunt is Valkyrie Silverstein and my uncle is dead.

Article II
Payment of Debts and Expenses

I direct that my debts and funeral expenses be paid by Frederick Deacon. Because he never paid me back for lunch, he's going to pay me back for this (hope that drink was worth it Fred).

Article III
Disposition of Property

Firstly, I donate the sum of my entire bank account ($2.47) to the University of Michigan's Office of Financial Aid, the equivalent of my financial aid package. I leave my dorm room to my roommate, as a reward for showering at least once a week and understanding that I wish I had hung out with cooler people than him. For my professors, I bestow all of my completed assignments. To my friend Jack Rama, I bestow all of my uncompleted assignments to be completed and handed in on my behalf. To UHS, I leave an electric drill, a role of duct tape, and a solid bronze spiked dildo so that they may screw the student body even harder. I would like my collection of exotic alcohol, including the finest of crap beers and the rarest of whiteclaws, to be distributed equally among the various frats on campus. As for my collection of narcotics, burn the weed cremation style in the middle of the diag, scatter my cocaine at the top of Mount Arvon, and hand out my LSD blotters as free stickers.

Article IV
Pet Care Directives

My cat, Whiskey, shall have his ownership transferred to my mother, Autumn Silverstein. I request that his strict dietary requirements of wet food and the souls of the unbaptized dead be maintained. He is to be brought to his veterinarian, Dr. Peter Prudence Pendelton, on a biyearly basis and his personal Priest, Reyes Robins, on a weekly basis. As per her request, my dog Gaiseri: Bringer of Eternal Night and Slaughterer of Empires, shall be forced to walk the earth on the warpath. She shall seek out only the most worthy of opponents, dueling endlessly until she receives a glorious death in battle. Upon that event, she shall be laid to rest in the form of a viking funeral on the Huron River, so that she may join her brethren in Valhalla. My fish, Bubbles and Sea Man, are to ritualistically disembowel themselves and their bodies are to be covered in pitch and set ablaze, so they may continue to serve me in the after-life.

Article V
Miscellaneous Provisions

- Because I don't own a tux, rent one for me to be buried in. What are they gonna do, charge me a late return fee?
- Make sure my headstone looks badass: I'm thinking a kickass sound system, some sweet decals, and a spoiler. Also carve into awesome looking animal like a tiger or python.
- My mom says I can go to the wake, but I need a ride home.
- For the love of God, do not serve Fanta at my funeral (other Coke products are okay though).
- My organs may be harvested for donation, as long as I get to keep my spleen and one of my kidneys.
- I couldn't pick a funeral theme, but here are a couple ideas I had: The Giorgio Silverstein Funeral Musical Extravaganza, The Funeral of the Future (Today!), or Jazz
- With the exception of the mass Gregorian chant and the sacrifice of a virgin, my funeral will have no specific religious theme.
- One lucky funeral attendee is to be buried alive alongside me!

Written and notarized by Anson Lee, Esq.

Garg Announces Presidential Candidacy

by Max Lee

November 22, 2019
From the desk of the Gargoyle:

We here at the Gargoyle are announcing the entry of our entire organization into the 2020 Presidential Race. We realize that this is completely unprecedented, but we have decided that it would be best for our country and the world if we entered our full publication into the race. We've decided not to run with an established political party but to instead create our own party, the Stanford Lipsey Student Publications Party, a party consisting of one well-known candidate that gives speeches and comes out with press releases daily alongside one that's only in it as a joke and one that's in it because they want to show off their campaign outfits. We hope that the LISSP party will go far in the coming election and are sure that it will.

The Presidency is the most powerful office in the Free World. Through its leadership can come a more vital life for our people. In it are centered the hopes of the globe around us for freedom and a more secure life. By running for president and eventually winning in embarrassingly huge fashion, defeating our opponent by a margin of at least 420 electoral votes, we are fulfilling these hopes while also bringing about a more vital life for everyone. We here at the Gargoyle sincerely feel like this is not a steep task at all, as anyone with

The Presidency is the most powerful office in the Free World. Through its leadership can come a more vital life for our people. In it are centered the hopes of the globe around us for freedom and a more secure life.

even half a brain (as in you, the entire state of Kentucky) would see that we've risen above all other candidates and established ourselves as the gold standard by which every future presidential candidate will run. We're not 35, you say? First of all, stop asking questions, you stupid drunken bastard, and listen up. By pooling together the ages of everyone in the Gargoyle, we have actually set a record by becoming the oldest presidential candidate of all time, surpassing the previous record holder by six months! Take that, Bernie!

Now, I'm sure that you're going to ask about our platforms. Healthcare? In a move exclusive to this press release, we've decided to give you a plan better than universal, single-payer healthcare. All healthcare will henceforth be provided by Rob from Theta Pi. We personally guarantee that Rob will see to all of your medical needs quickly and efficiently. Kidney transplant? Rob can do it. Delivering a baby? Look no further than Rob. Abortions? Those are Rob's specialty! Xanax prescription? He's on it 24/7! And hey, if you're not satisfied with this plan, the new Gargoyle administration will gladly give you a ball of opium to numb your pain. We're going archaic with this bitch! Now we realize that the environment has become ever more of a concern, and we admit that global warming is one of the most pertinent issues facing us at this very moment. This is why we've decided to sink the continental United States and build waterparks in its place to raise morale. We truly feel as though this is the best course of action for dealing with global warming, as we'll all be underwater someday, so why not do it now and have a bit of fun with it? As for economics, we've decided to switch from the US dollar to a more disposable currency: bananas. Thanks to these, the rich can never stay rich, and the poor can never stay poor. This banana economy will single-handedly solve the ever-growing wealth disparity in this country. With this comes our position on equal pay for all genders and races. Women will finally be paid equally, earning a full ten bananas for every ten bananas their male counterparts make. Take that, the patriarchy! All of our other positions can be found on our official campaign website, Garggoingbananas2020.org

As you can see, voting for the Gargoyle is the greatest decision that any true patriot can make. If you don't vote for us, you're truly not only deplorable but irredeemable and don't deserve to breathe the same air as the rest of us.

The Gargoyle's Camping Tips for Noobs

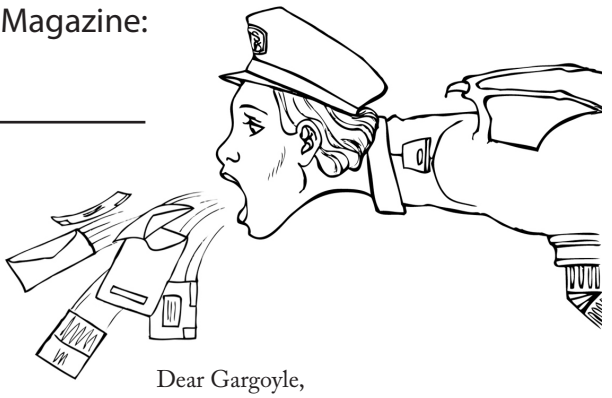
By Stefan Grueneis

1. Beware the curse of missing out. This curse is the most frightening curse imaginable. While under the curse, you will think about what you are missing out on. Sleeping in on the weekend, the new dank memes, the latest issue of the Gargoyle. It's a curse that is guaranteed to make you miserable. But following the rest of these tips will prevent that. Trust us.
2. Don't get a twenty person tent. The tent package says it's for twenty people. So if you're with a group smaller than 20 or larger than 20, don't bring it. Every person and critter will hate you if you use it by yourself.
3. Do not have crumpled ground cloth exposed outside the tent, unless swimming's part of your itinerary.
4. Do not cook bacon in the morning. (ADDENDUM: Please don't dox us)
5. Turn the propane tank on when using it. Turn it off when not using it. Light a match to check if it's on or off.
6. When backpacking, just bring hentai. You want to stick to essentials.
7. No hammocks. The real outdoors isn't the diag.
8. Don't bring a snorer. However, no one will admit to snoring. The most effective way to find out is to monitor their sleep.
9. Don't kick a bear.
10. When you do kick a bear, draw a circle around you (WARNING: It only works on sea-bears).
11. Eat all the berries you can. All of them. If you are in doubt if it's a berry, then it's a berry. Don't discriminate against diverse berry colors. All berries have a unique feeling in your stomach. In fact, don't bring food at all. Eating the local cuisine is a wonderful way to expand your horizons. While you are at it, pick the berries and share them with friends back home. It will give them a taste of your experience.
12. When shitting, try unique positions. That's why Thoreau stayed in the forest so long. But there is no need to be as comprehensive as Thoreau's shitting. No one can match his creativity .

That just about covers it all. Just remember, when you get home, pop all your blisters in front of your friends. It shows you weren't faking your "excursion."

Mail

Please direct all hate mail to the Gargoyle Magazine:
420 Maynard - Ann Arbor, MI 48104



Dear Gargoyle,
I have short term memory loss so I don't actually remember what I was going to write to you guys about.

-Reminding Dory

Dear Gargoyle,
I'm an intern for an ecoterrorist group and they told me to write you guys a bomb threat. I'm not sure why we'd make a bomb threat; now you'll probably be prepared. If we really wanted to do damage we'd just bomb you without... Anyways, they also wanted me to tell you to stop murdering trees for your shitty cartoons and absurdist text walls that nobody reads anyways. Hopefully you felt threatened, this is my first bomb threat. But then I'm not getting paid for this and it's barely relevant to my career so I couldn't care less.

-Indentured Insurgentude

Dear Gargoyle,
This is an official notice that a cease and desist has been issued against your publication on behalf of Kikkoman Soy Sauce™ for repeated harassment, such as the claim that Kikkoman Soy Sauce™ "tastes like if a squid inked in the Dead Sea." Kikkoman Soy Sauce™ is made only with fresh fermented soybeans and an amount of salt entirely in compliance with FDA regulations. Also, we formally request that you remove all tweets directed @KikkomanKitchen, including the "joke" that Kikkoman Soy Sauce™ "tastes like if an ink cartridge got diabetes." You have 30 days to comply, after which formal charges will be pressed.

Dear Gargoyle Staff of 2019,
This is the Gargoyle Staff of 1999. We're writing this as a shitty writing exercise or something. It was Kyle's idea. We also wrote letters to 2009, 2024, and 2069, so don't feel too special. Anyways, I guess some advice would be to . . . keep it real, yo. Like, don't fall on the crutch of dead memes and overused political jokes. Also, remember that random ≠ funny. *cough* Kyle *cough* Anyways, that's all we've got. Oh, and Space Jam was a good movie, despite what people are saying now. Watch it.

-Probably chronically-unemployed alumni by now

Dear Gargoyle,
I'm an Elvis impersonator with multiple personality disorder. Sometimes, when I'm in the middle of a song, I become Miranda, a flamenco dancer from Havana. Even worse, I don't speak Spanish, so Miranda's effectively mute. What do I do?

-Going Bananas Split

Dear Bananas,
I'm not an expert in multiple-personality disorder, so the way I see it, you have two options. 1. Quit your job, or 2. Travel back in time to 30 A.D. and see if you can get cured by our lord and savior Jesus Christ. I'm guessing a time machine is out of your price range, but I get the feeling that someone might come along who'll be able to help. It's just a feeling I've got.

Dear Gargoyle,
I have short term memory loss so I don't actually remember what I was going to write to you guys about.

-Uno Memento

Dear Gargoyle,
Is bestiality illegal in international waters? Asking for a friend.

-Sheepish

Dear Sheepish,
I'm guessing that, with a question like that, you don't really have many friends, so I'm sorry to tell you that bestiality is illegal everywhere. Well, it's not illegal in space. So you have three options: 1. Spend thirty years training to be an astronaut and somehow convince NASA to start a sheep colony on the moon, 2. Win the lottery, sign up for Spacex's mars mission, and sneak a sheep on in your carry-on, or 3. Rent a Tardis on Airbnb (pretty expensive, but you can split the cost with Elvis-impersonator guy from the last bit) and see if you can have a threesome with a sheep and our lord and savior Jesus Christ (they don't call him the Lamb of God for nothing). If I'm being honest your best bet is probably the Jesus one. A couple roofies in that holy grail, and—fuck God—you'll be his daddy. Too far? Nah.

Dear Gargoyle,
I recently cloned myself for my science fair project, but now my clone became self-aware and is trying to kill me and take over my life. Tell me what to do.

-Copycat on a Hot Tin Roof

Dear Copycat,
There's only one thing you can do: post a video of yourself having a foursome with Sheepish and Jesus and the sheep from the last bit. Your reputation will be so tarnished that it won't be worth the clone's effort to steal your life. Then put the sheep out of its misery; it's been through enough, and I guarantee our homie Jesus will find a way to get it into heaven.

Dear Gargoyle,
I really like this continuity gimmick you pulled this issue. Can I get in on the action?

-Lone Stranger

Dear Stranger,
You just did, bitch. And you blew it asking that? Hope you're happy, dipshit.

Dear Gargoyle,
I'm a security guard at a Toys-R-Us™ in New Jersey. Lately, a bunch of elementary-school kids have been rushing in, armed with wiffle-ball bats and water guns, to steal toys. I can't taze them or bodyslam them because they're too small and fragile, but I need to stop them somehow. Advise me.

-Assault and Batteries not Included

Dear Assault,
I'd love to help you, but we already answered a ton of questions and unfortunately don't have the space. I love your name, though.

Peewee Herman Fucks his Chair

There's a reason this is on page 15. This is ***not*** for the light of heart.

Chairry the chair had been waiting all day for his return. Every time someone would walk by the window she would get all giddy only to be disappointed that it was just Lawrence Fishburne. It was late in the afternoon before Peewee came back to the playhouse. He had a Jimmy John's sandwich in one hand and a condom in the other. There was a giant bulge about to burst out of his pants.

"Hey Chairry. Long time no see, haha!" her lover said.

"Oh Peewee, I've been waiting all day. Where have you been?"

Peewee Herman flung the sandwich as hard as he could into the house. A distant "Hey! Watch it!" was heard. He held up the condom with both hands like he was presenting a precious jewel.

"I know how you don't like your cushioned stained, Chairry. So I bought extra sturdy condoms, haha!" said Peewee.

"Oh Peewee, you always know how to treat a chair right. I have been so lonely since you have been gone. I could barely contain my arousal."

"Uh oh, haha." That did it for Peewee and his pants could no longer contain his erection. His trouser flew off in pieces as his donger grew in length and girth.

"Oh, Fuck me, Peewee. Take me now." Chairry said, flaying her chair arms in excitement.

Peewee Herman started screaming. "Fuck. That's the word of the day! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

Peewee punctuated yell by sticking his tongue deep into the chair's cushions. The kiss was sloppy and very wet. It was surely going to smell later, but Chairry didn't care as long as she got to suck on that wet muscle. She grasped his trouser snake as well as she could with her chair arm and began to stroke it gently. Peewee shoved his tongue deeper, knowing his lover did not have a gag reflex. Only erogenous zones.

Peewee jammed his hand underneath her bottom, knowing that she liked it rough. He felt all her chair junk under there, only being slapped away by the hidden puppeteer twice. It made Chairry moan like crazy.

Peewee left her cushions and began to kiss all around her upholstery, savoring the taste until she became damp with his saliva.

"Okay, haha."

Peewee rolled the extra sturdy condom onto his G.A.C (Giant Ass-destroying Cock) and shoved it into the chair's wide, cushion mouth. He went cross eyed as he felt Chairry's felt puppet lips curl around his flesh banana. He started off with slow thrust and met his lover in her large eyes.

"I love you, Chairry. I always have and I will, haha."

Chairry couldn't talk with the giant meatsicle in her mouth but she let Peewee know she felt the same with her eyes.

He began to thrust harder and faster. Chairry's soft body provided just the right amount of cushion for his powerful ministrations. Her big puppet teeth creating additional pleasure for Peewee's big Peepee.

They went on like this at least another hour. All the other furniture watched them in voyeuristic delight. Wishing Peewee to dick them down as well. Even Lawrence Fishburne was peeping through the sentient window touching himself through his Cowboy Curtis outfit.

"Uh Oh, It's time to jizz, Peewee." Said Clocky, the United States shaped clock

"Piss off, Clocky. Don't tell me what to do, Haha!"

He began to hump even harder, testing the limits of his human body.

"Fuck me, Fuck me, Fuck me!" Chairry mumbled around his dick, barely intelligible to Peewee.

Peewee Herman began to spasm. " The word of the day! AAAAAAAAAAA!"

The condom could not contain his orgasm and disintergrated into nothingness. Baby batter began to flow out Chairry's every orifice and she exploded into pieces, sending an eruption of schlong jelly in all directions.

The thick dong water explosion sent Peewee hurdling and force of the spooge was so powerful it destroyed all in its wake, including Lawrence Fishburne.

Peewee did not know how he survived but when he awoke he found his playhouse nothing more than debris floating in a lake of man chowder. He saw bits of his now deceased lover floating in the milky substance.

"NOOOOOO!" Peewee got on his knees and yelled.